



Birthday



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

“Happy birthday,” Sarah whispers to me as I walk past. Sarah’s quiet, and I only have two classes with her, not popular but no unpopular, just average (not that average is bad), so I don’t know her that well, but I say thanks anyways.

Then I stop dead in my tracks.

The mob surrounding my locker is enormous. Every single girl in the school has to be there, just giggling and chatting as they swarm my locker. Why are they there? Most of the girls there are in a few of my classes, but I don’t talk much to them. I always have a pencil they can borrow or an answer to a question that they can’t answer by themselves.

I started walking again, and once one of the girls (I think her name is Jessica) sees me, she squeals to the other girls, “She’s coming!”

Immediately, this gets a reaction, and the girls part. They’re all in at least one of my classes, and I can tell that some of the people who I don’t recognize seem to be standing by another girl, probably their friend. Then, I see my locker.

It’s decorated. With thousands of pictures of me.

There’s me the year I was an angel for a Halloween. That was the same year that I gave all my candy to a little girl who I found crying in the streets because she had been pushed over and her candy spilled out.

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There's me in the laundry basket, my eyes a startling shade of the brightest, deepest shade of turquoise, with Charlotte Ariana, as she was known then. I wasn't even a year old. I had looked so different, with chubby cheeks, small chin, button nose, huge eyes, and a rosy complexion, but you could still tell it was me, the eyes, the smile, and the face.

Happy Birthday Annabella Evangeline Paige Callisto!

It's in icy blue, and as I see everything else on my locker, the wrapping paper, the streamers, the balloons, the notes, the quotes, and the sticky notes, I realize that everyone else has been watching me.

"Thank you so much," I whisper, trying not to be overwhelmed with everything. They had done all this for me?

"We love you, Annabelle!" the voices harmonize, before it's a single voice, and I start hugging everyone, because of what they've done.

"I'm never taking it down," I promise as I open my locker. The inside is the same with the streamers, wrapping paper, balloons, notes, quotes, sticky notes, except there's a lot of candy inside, with a long letter, folded in perfect thirds.

I yank the letter off the tape, and start reading it.

Happy birthday, Annabella Evangeline!

You're finally eleven! We just wanted to say that you're super beautiful, funny, smart, and most of all, kind. You're so much prettier than Aurora, yet you're not self obsessed. (You're the best!!!)

Happy birthday!!!

Your friends, Samantha, Willow, Rosemary, Hazel, Bella, Maggie, Katie, Heather, Lizzy, Marie, Jessica, Annabeth, Summer, Alicia, Emily, Maddy, Selena, Adele, Meghan, Taylor, Rachel, Demetria, Amethyst, and Christina.

I smile, before sticking the note back on the locker door, and open my backpack, preparing to take out and add a few books into my backpack.

"Meet me at lunch for your birthday present," Willow said, giving me one last hug before walking off.



A few things about me:

My full name is Annabella Evangeline Paige Callisto. I'm a bit of a mouthful. If you ask me, I was named after my grandmother, on both sides, who Mom believes are good people to be named after (the Annabeth). Willow is Mom's middle name, since she believed that I should have a part of her in me.

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I have pacific blue/caribbean blue/turquoise/sea green eyes. They frequently change colors, which is even weirder.

I have wavy honey colored hair with natural caramel highlights that goes halfway down my back, but I'm currently growing it out after chopping it to my chin about two years ago. In the mornings, it's impossible to tame.

I'm 5'0, which is short compared to some of the sixth graders, but then again, I'm an entire year younger. My mom claims I'm tall and slender, but I only agree with the slender part. Not athletic, but not chubby. Just slender and small.

I have an older sister named Charlotte Scarlett Calisto, but calls herself Charlie. She's the kind of pretty that is breathtakingly beautiful, yet acts like she doesn't notice. Which she doesn't. Charlie doesn't even have a boyfriend. I also have a younger sister in pre-school. Her name is Juliette Arabella Calisto, and she's only five, yet she's adorable, with the same huge pacific blue eyes that I have (25% of the time).

I have one dog named Hazel Maisy, because she looks so much like the Maisy dog in Maisy. (I named the Hazel part because of the color of her eyes and Juliette named the Maisy part because she loves Maisy.)

My favorite colors are blue, white, grey, silver, and black. My hobbies are drawing, swimming, reading, writing, listening to music, and running. I'm definitely not the most athletic person, but I'd say I'm healthy.

My favorite books are Did I Mention I Love You? The Heartbreakers, The Death and Life of Charlie St. Cloud, The Last Song, The Fault in Our Stars, The One, The Secrets of Attraction, Your Voice Is All I Hear, 13 Reasons Why, I Was Here, Speak, Forget You, Anna and the French Kiss, The Selection, The Year We Fell Apart, The Elite, Cinder, Scarlet, Cress, One for the Murphys, Out of My Mind, The Giver. My favorite movies are Inside Out and Saving Mr. Banks. My favorite songs are Amnesia, Aftertaste, Life of the Party, One Last Time, Search Party, Jet Black Heart, The Weight, Imagination, Victorious, Don't Threaten Me With A Good Time, Hallelujah, LA Devotee, the Good, the Bad, and the Dirty, Hit and Run, House of Memories, I Was Here, Radioactive, Stitches, Kid In Love, Centuries, Strings, and I Know What You Did Last Summer.

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Her locker has been bedazzled with so much wrapping paper, pictures, ribbons, emojis, and glitter that it looks like a disco ball, so sparkly it hurts to look at.

"Happy birthday!!!" her friends shouted.

For some reason, Aurora has something against me since the first day of school. I've tried to keep out of her way, but Aurora always criticizes me.

"However, it's not cuter than you-know-who," Aurora sighs happily, before admiring her locker again. Actually, I think I do know who you-know-who was. It's him. Then she sees me, closing my decorated locker.

"Argentina," Aurora sneers, her icy blue eyes fixing on me.

"It's Annabella," I correct almost immediately.

"Whatever," Aurora says. "What are you wearing?"

I look down at the clothes I was wearing; a plain white tank top, a denim jacket, a knee length pleated light blue skirt that came with a dark brown belt, and my black high tops. My hair had been twisted up into a nice updo, thanks to Mom, and I was wearing a silver rose necklace with the silver watch and the silver infinity bracelet that I always wore.

"Did you go dumpster diving for those clothes?" Aurora asks, raising one eyebrow, while her friends are snickering. She turns around, and flashes a perfect little smirk, before turning back to me, her icy blue eyes colder than ever. They remind me of a snow queen's, breathtakingly beautiful that no man could resist, yet in the cold, icy way.

"If you want to see someone who went dumpster diving for clothes, glance in the mirror," I say, walking away from Aurora and her squad of friends to Homeroom, Gifted Enrichment.

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He's there, his jet black hair tousled, and falling into his beautiful blue grey eyes, the color softened by the thick, dark eyelashes.

As soon as he sees me, he flashes me that one dimple on his right cheek with a crooked smile. It could just be my imagination, but his eyes always flicker back from warm brown, to blue grey, to sea green, to golden, to the brightest blue. They're beautiful.

"Happy birthday," he whispers.

We've been in the same Homeroom for three years in a row, and we've talked a few times, but

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He was popular, intelligent, athletic, funny, kind, and unbelievably cute. Countless girls had a crush on him, but some girls made it more obvious than others. (Cough, Isabella, cough Aurora. Isabella actually made him help with every single issue, but he's always patient and kind, looking at whatever boring thing Isabella has on her screen.)

I can feel his eyes on me. I can feel my cheeks flush, but try to hide it by opening The Elite, pretending to read.

But it turns out to be harder than I thought, because one birthday can change everything.

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